

Thomas thought he had a model janitor and his tenants indorsed the opinion. They have their doubts now as the result of suspicious incidents not explained away—robbery, the receipt of money not paid over to the agent and other derelictions. Explanations are asked, but the model custodian of dumbwaiters and furnaces is not on hand to give them. Whether he has vamoosed or fainted, he is temporarily lost to view and suspicion is pointing a bony finger at him. And a police captain's janitor at that! No man may be a hero to his valet, but it would be supposed that a police captain's prestige would carry some fear to his employees.

Plenty of Sport.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A reader asks why we don't get some new game to succeed tennis, ping-pong, baseball and football. Why? We have plenty of sport with the games we already have. I agree with him.

Grandpa Fish—And here, children, see the reward of patience. That man's been wishing all morning to catch something, and now he's got

composed to five musical notes:
Mi re la mi la.
Mire l'a mi la (which means, "Mire l'a mi la")

EGBERT L. MONROE.
Wants to Cure Stammering.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Will readers kindly advise a young
 girl of some cure for stammering? No
 patent cure, but some serviceable

Milre l'a ani la (which means, "where-
to")